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"Behold the Heavens Opened"

"THE GLORIES THEREOF"

Purporting to be dictated by

PHILLIPS BROOKS

Automatically Received by

HELEN WELLS

Volume 1

of

The Fortnightly Series

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WHAT IS MEANT BY AUTOMATIC WRITING.

I, Evelyn Butler, when on earth a student of Ann Arbor College, am commissioned to explain some of the laws that govern the method of communication called "Automatic Writing."

We who live on the invisible plane are most anxious to secure the power of perpetuating God's laws as given through the often misunderstood work of the great teacher, Jesus. When we find an instrument that is both honest and ignorant of the sciences which we desire to teach, we rejoice.

All action, muscular or nervous, is controlled by the power of Mind. The brain obeys the Mind and conveys the order through the electrons that lie in muscles and nerves. The obedient muscles expand or contract as the order is received from the master, Mind.

When, therefore, we of etheric, whose electric powers are far more penetrating than the electric power of the body, come as the guests of this writer we assume the seat of honor graciously accorded to us by our host (this man's Mind) and we order the servants of this host to do our bidding. And so the brain receives OUR thought, the muscles obey OUR will and the ideas that are traced upon the white paper are OURS.

Through this, our most obedient and beloved instrument, we have written scientific essays upon topics of which she is ignorant. We have caused to enter as her mind's guests Poets, Writers and Artists of many centuries. We might say we exert a hypnotic power over that part of her brain that controls this writing arm and hand, and, for the time being, it is our wish that predominates. We do not even try to impress her mind. Her hand does our bidding. She is not at all entranced, still, she has no retaining power over the matter inscribed.

Since she was naturally of a skeptical turn of mind, endowed by nature with what you call "excellent common sense," and had had no previous education concerning psychic forces, we were obliged to win her confidence by using our power to produce pictures. So Artists of past centuries were sent to draw pictures that would convince. This instrument was given this artistic work simply to prove the power of etheric forces over the electric forces that are merely of earth.

And also to prove this: If a picture can be drawn by spirit power, a picture that is of a period of art and a century of time unknown to the draughtsman, why cannot the same automatically used hand bring to you of earth the knowledge, the wisdom that is stored up in the centuries and is ready for your use?

This is what we have done and are doing.

"THE GLORIES THEREOF"

A series of articles purporting to be dictated by

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Introduction purporting to be dictated by Edward Everett Hale

I am bringing you a man the strength of whose graphic description of life over here will stir to thought all who read his written word; a man of whose reputation America can well boast; a man whose devotion to God is only equalled by his devotion to earthly men and women. Allow me to present Phillips Brooks.

"THE GLORIES THEREOF"

I

Many beautiful things exist in the hidden recesses of the forest. Examples of unsurpassed beauty and unrevealed loveliness are concealed in the depths of the sea. Industrious seekers after beauty are often destined not to see or touch the magnificent glories that distance and conditions have hidden from them.

As all unrevealed beauties are real and do exist, though the mind of man can never picture them because of his inability to imagine them, so in this sphere are such wondrously beautiful "material" things as you of earth have never once conceived.

"All the glories thereof," the good Book says. All the marvels

thereof are real and do exist. Like the flowers in deepest forests, like the jewels at the ocean's bottom, they are in actual existence, though not in your orbit of view.

There are many allusions to these beauties and I am commissioned by God to try to reveal to your imagination some of "the glories" whereof the Bible speaks.

Upon our entrance over here, when we first look about us, we are not impressed by the change. Trees rear great crests toward deeper blues; hills and mountains are soft and purple in the distance; rivers sparkle in the sun; birds sing in the trees; men and women wander through these scenes of loveliness just as they do on earth. No wonderful visions of ecstatic glories come at first to our vision. It is all familiar; and yet a difference soon makes us ask again and again, "What place is this?"

As time passes we emerge from this chrysalis period of the soul and then "the glories thereof" begin to come into our perceptive vision.

I am at a loss for words with which to visualize the scenery. Can you conceive of mountains so high that their tops are not visible? So close to you that you feel as if you could mount to the top in one leap? Rose-tinted and violet-tinted and green at their bases? All the colors of the rainbow blending and melting into each new color that sweeps over them as the shadows sweep over a field of yellow grain? You have often watched a field of yellow wheat, and seen the shadows from the clouds sweep over the grain. The ever-shifting rainbow colors sweep over these mountains in much the same way. All along the mountains are palaces of white of crystal clearness, so clear you can see through them. All of the people inside these walls are visible or invisible as they themselves choose.

"Materializing" is not only an earth experience to us; it is a customary manner of appearing to our friends here. Or, we may desire to remain invisible to them. No, you cannot grasp that? For example, I am dictating this. I am desirous of no interruptions, even from friends over here, so I become invisible to them. I am visible to all around your table and am speaking my words to your son. No, you do not hear them, and yet they are spoken aloud. There is an illustration. My spoken words are not audible to your earthly ears.

As every soul comes into a knowledge of the mission whereon it is sent it is enabled to use many things that otherwise would remain untouched by us. All of us are only carrying out God's orders. When I tell you of "the glories thereof" it is because God has given me an order to try and induce you of earth to understand a little of our wonderful home here.

Not all animals have been considered as inheriting everlasting life. Please understand me: all animals which have no thought or reasoning power come from a different plane originally and return to that plane. Yes, the mischievous mosquito! You smile! It has only a following out of desire; no reasoning powers are its inheritance. It comes from a much lower plane, and returns thereto.

A horse, a dog, birds, cats, all the animals that are given the gift of reasoning, are from your own plane and they come here just as surely as you do. Love is in each of these little creatures, and love is a bit of God, and God cannot die. I repeat, God is love and any animal which is capable of love inherits his place in this kingdom of earth's spirits called "Heaven."

As they, like men, are not elevated without their own desire, they are advanced much more rapidly here where desire is encouraged than on your plane, where an animal's love is often ignored and despised.

As the only way to judge a man's work is by his ability to see a way to improve its development, a chance is given here to each and every soul in animal or man to improve on his former work. That is why the bird's song is so much sweeter, and the flower's perfume is so much more intense, and the colors of the flowers are so much brighter.

You are asking, "What? Are flowers alive? Why, they cannot reason or love!"

Beginning with the growth of a flower from the little seed or the tiny bulb, what is it within that seed or bulb that causes growth? Yes, your answer is right, "It is Nature." Well, how do you define "Nature"? "As an attribute of God's outworking power;"—we have told you that before. Nature is not all of God, but God is all of Nature: and then many, many more attributes has our great God.

When you admit that the seed is following out the Nature law

within it, why can you not see that as Nature is only a part of God, the little seed is endowed with an attribute of God, as you are? When the seed obeys the God within it it is started on its mission of obedience to God's laws. And, let me tell you, flowers and plants do not switch off into devious paths of disobedience, as do the children of men! No, a plant obeys the God within it. A plant keeps on in obedience to God's laws encircling it.

All God asks of any soul or plant is obedience to the God within it. This the little flower has given; and then God, the great Gardener of all the spheres, transplants that obedient little bit of Himself to bloom in the next place. Again the flower obeys God implicitly and grows and blooms, and you of earth, coming into the garden of God, exclaim and wonder and worship. Not one jot or one tittle of earth's God-given laws can pass until all shall be fulfilled.

Returning to our early view of heavenly glories, I am constrained to remark that words are inadequate, tongue and pen are so feeble.

Our first amazement over, we are next surprised at the appearance of our old friends. When a man who died in vigor is seen no astonishment ensues, but when the aged consumptive, worn with his racking cough, communicates with his friends, and a joyful, happy, plump—yes, *plump*—looking man in the prime of life comes to greet the newcomer, a wave of wonder sweeps over him. When cripples meet their friends, there is yet another; they are not old, nor ill, not decrepit, not lame! The great joy that awaits the deformed, the blind, the deaf! Oh, I cannot express the emotions of joy and the songs of rejoicing that are echoed through and through the vaults of Heaven. "Glory, glory be to the Lamb, forever." For mine eyes are seeing the power of God, mine ears are hearing the joys of these whose earth life was sad and dreary.

All the beauties which are on earth are here made more intense by the great love that beats through the spaces,—love for earth and love for the great lover of us all.

Even the stones of earth that hold the sunlight of God's brilliancy in their depths are here. Can you conceive of a pathway of etheric stones whose brilliancy is greater than diamonds? When the old saint

wrote of the golden streets he did not mean the sordid gold of earth. He referred to the brilliancy that shone like gold, that brightened the jewel-colored streets. Etheric substances are real, but are not loaded with the impurities of earth, any more than is the top of a mountain where we can breathe air not loaded with germs and dust and mites and all the impurities that infest city air.

The etheric is pure. The radiance of gems is pure. The ruby's wine of red is pure. The etheric is always pure air. When we refer to the "waters of life, pure and clear as crystal that come from the heart of God," we are endeavoring to make you see the unseeable and conceive the inconceivable.

If I can help any one of earth to lift, even for a moment, the curtain that hides the glories of heaven, I am doing the work given to me by God's commands. Many times will I come if you so desire.

My work is always to picture to the world of unbelievers, oppressed by doubts, the wonderful and beautiful truths that are all around me as I write.

II

Your pleasure in my essay on "The Glories Thereof" communicates itself to me and I am constrained to enlarge upon this same theme.

Every wonder that enfolds before the eyes of a newcomer makes us already here emerge from our silence and sing again of these glories.

Only an earth-born mortal can spring
From a transient body that crumbles and dies
Up to Heavenly spheres. And in Paradise
The lowly and humble, the proud and the great
Are entering in at the same Golden Gate.

Ever-increasing power of perception is given to the newcomer. "All the glories thereof" are not revealed in one year or two, or even a century. Making a selection of what to describe is almost like a man's trying to choose a wife from glancing at a choir of pretty women.

As perhaps the most common error of you who are now dwelling on earth can never be eradicated until a new birth makes your souls more keen and perceptive we shall still try and describe in our feeble way some of the more "material" things here.

As we walk through the avenues of mighty elms and oaks and maples (and when we say "mighty" it does not mean the little scrub bushes that you call trees!) we perceive that these great trees are hundreds of feet high and are never without leaves or flowers or fruit. There are no changing seasons here. The climate does not roast at one minute and freeze at the next. The air never is cool enough for any chill to pervade it, nor warm enough to make it disagreeable. There is an even warmth that after a time ceases to be noticeable.

As no one ever dies and no one ever leaves, you would think that these spaces would be over-crowded. Not so. Eternal life is arranged for. Spaces exist vast beyond our imagination. All we ever expect to become may have its fruition in these same unknown spaces.

It all seems so calm. There is a sense of security. A desire not to crowd each hour with unfinished duties but deliberately and well to do each task casts a spell over everything.

All the air is perfumed with exquisite odors, and when these odors have grown to power they arise as incense to God. Flowers are imperishable, and of every variety that ever existed throughout the ages. Orchids that you pay enormous sums for are as common as the dandelions of your world. As on earth tastes differ, and here are many clubs of people who collect and admire flowers.

In most of our modes of living nothing is different from our earthly customs. We do not live in a mass, but each has his individual home, comprised of those whom he most loves. Love is the deciding factor of life here.

Not blood ties, but a sense of relationship is much respected. As any who really are attached by love can live in harmony, so all here, in this plane, are able to live in harmony, for love is like music.

Oh, and the music of the spheres! as Wordsworth once put it! Every instrument and every vocal organ are used in the Choirs Celestial.

The echoing vault of Heaven's own blue,
Resounds with music pure, thrilling and true,
And all around, as the choristers sing,
We join in the chorus of, "Praise to our King."

As ever and ever the music swells,
 And ever and ever the glad soul dwells
 On joys immortal and bliss beyond time,
 We join in the chorus of praises that climb
 Up through the blue of etheric sky,
 Up through spheres above this, so wondrously high
 That the chimes grow faint and we only hear,
 The echoes return through the still air clear.
 "Praise to your King!" Let the music roll.
 "Praise ye your God!" Let every soul
 Entering into the heavenly place
 Bow down in humble, adoring grace.
 For God, the Ruler and God our King
 Appears to us, and a message we bring
 Down to etheric and down to earth,
 "Come ye and join in your soul's re-birth."

I am not composing that poem. Will Wordsworth writes it for me.

Combining celestial music with the music that comes from earth we hear no discords. The music etheric is arranged to harmonize with earth music and no reverberations are heard except those of perfect connective forces. It is strange that every soul here can sing! Yes, and musical voices are all around; not ghostly whispers—voices that trill and warble in cadenzas that no human throat ever produced. You have often wondered at a canary's trill. It is made within a circuit of minute space, and here the warbling of human etheric voices can be described as equally beautiful!

"The dwellings?" We are not scattered around like sheep in a pasture; we are "home-folks" as you are. Our buildings are made not with hands but from thoughts and deeds done on earth and carried here to wait until Time brings their maker to use them in a home.

You are never sure there of owning a home; you cannot help owning

one here. "Not builded with hands, eternal in the heavens." All your pure aspirations are woven into this wall of the etheric. All the most desirable elements that comprise your daily life are allowed to come here and be registered and are awaiting your advent.

So you see why Jansen and other teachers urge pure thoughts and noble desires. Evil is not a building element. It disintegrates. No evil is used in our house-building. Your mansion's beauty will not be disfigured by evil, but it will be a limited building, as it only arrives at elegance and size by the material you are registering.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, but in heaven," the good Book says. Now can you understand why?

We are sent to try and help you in your house-building, and our best efforts are often despised and rejected of men. Christ was also a messenger who was "despised and rejected of men," and yet He was a builder of eternal life.

III

"All the Glories Thereof" is a never-ending subject, not only from a physical standpoint, but also from a spiritual. I am trying to make physical eyes understand spiritual beauties.

We spoke of the wonderful scenery and the wonderful people that are now here. Can I ever make you understand what all the etheric spaces look like? Can you imagine the blue of Italy, the golden light of a dying sun, the emerald green of Ireland? The grand masses of clouds that you see in your sunsets are not half as beautiful in color as the etheric atmosphere. Now and then vivid radiance gleams all through our sky. (When I employ the terms you most easily understand please do not quote them as the technical terms of the etheric spaces. We must use the language you can grasp.) Throughout all this radiance there throbs, like distant ocean murmurs, the music that comes from other and higher spheres. Soft and musical are its tones and when we pause and listen we, too, can join in the music.

What all your wonderful earthly inventions accomplish by forming new machines that can convert the passing air into music is only like the

dropping of crumbs from an overloaded table. The table of musical instruments is here; you get only the crumbs.

When I try to speak of homes, I am confronted by your narrowness of understanding. Houses do exist—luminous houses! Architectural beauty is not limited to earth; we observe it here.

We do not need the kind of furniture you do, for we are not requiring beds to rest a physical body, nor a table for mere physical food; nor a carpet sweeper, which you use with such an expenditure of vigor.

We rest but we do not sleep. Your sleep is not of your real self; it is just a sleep of the physical. Your real self never sleeps. It comes out of your heavily sleeping body and gains its food from the etheric table of food. The spirit is intangible, but it is as real as the body. When it steps out into the sea of sleep, it does not sever its connection with the body, but it slips away as a mother slips quietly away from a sleeping babe, not to sever her relationship, but to let the child rest.

When the spiritual body bids a temporary farewell to the sleeping body it comes into a higher plane swiftly and silently and we meet it and together we walk in the rarified atmosphere. Were it not for your making these visits of spirit into spirit atmosphere while you are on earth, you could not make the final entrance here without a long period of difficulty.

When all the world is sleeping, wrote a poet of long ago
When spirits their watch are keeping, and no one cares to go,
During this silent slumber, the spirits nearer earth
Are preparing in growing numbers the souls for heavenly birth,
And the spirits inhabiting mortals, each in his body of clay,
Meet at the heavenly portals, and much to each other say.
Memory may not be attending, but, still, in a wonderful plan,
Through sleep and its power of blending comes Heaven's introduction to man.

Every need that we have is fulfilled. Every desire to progress upward in the God-life is given by the teachers to the friend who comes to us. And never do we ask for wisdom that it is not accorded to us.

What you of earth cannot conceive is the power of your heartfelt

prayers. You are capable of much that will help us. You can exercise all that power if you will. When in your desire for our help you are able to give to God a powerful desire, a current of vibrating love reaches us and we grow in its health-giving power. All the glories of this sphere are enhanced by your loving prayers and your loving thoughts. They come like soul blossoms.

I am trying today to make the "many mansions" as a picture to you. We are made to move only in a vibration of love. So in choosing our homes and our home companions we are directed only by our love powers.

Many are in close companionship here who never knew each other on earth. Many are reunited because the love that acted as the first combining element of their lives and was turned aside by physical opposition is renewed when the physical is dropped. The first attraction returns and so we see people who quarrelled on earth in a happy reunion.

In all the wondrous planes here that are always thronged by those who have just come over you can see many of the older inhabitants passing through the multitudes seeking for those who desire to make progression. As soon as we find these souls we are able to help them in their connection with earth. A subtle and beautiful chord of sympathetic kindness is in all those who are choosing to work in God's way.

IV

Ever as the waves of sound cause the air to pulsate and spread and actually encircle your globe, ever as we listen and try to catch your words, we are always wishing we could catch your thought-waves as easily as we catch your spoken words.

As I am now engaged on a verbal picture of "The Glories Thereof," I will take up that subject.

"Walls of jasper" sang the poet, and we assure you no poet's visions were ever embellished with fancies more lovely than the marvelous beauties of the walls of each home. Your poetess sang:

"Thoughts are things,
And on airy wings
They fly in the azure blue,"

and now I tell you the truth when I say "Thoughts are actually your entire building material."

You build your life there on the thoughts you think. When you think a thing, your mind, full of this thought, makes your body do the service of that thought. In each active use of a thought it becomes a thing, a real being of action through birth and that being is one with you. Your vibrations, born of that original thought, are entered into the etheric structure of your house "not built with hands, eternal, in the heavens."

I wish you could see the houses your little circle is building; so many pure lilies of desire are blooming in those walls to-day; so many hopes for others, like a thread of purest gold; so many pretty fancies of an idle hour are being woven into the design for each one's home; all happy thoughts and merry laughter evoked from humor and pleasant repartee are like a glowing radiance through these walls.

Oh, I wish the few of your circle who are using magnifying glasses with which to gaze upon their personal anxieties could see the dark spots such reveries cause here! All this is a mystery to you. All the substances are so different in texture from those you are accustomed to see that it makes words sound foolish.

An angry thought sent here is like a blot on the page of a letter—it may be an accident, but it makes a stain. When you make no effort to suppress the angry words that arise to your lips but let them flow undisturbed, a stream of tiny gnat-like material comes to us. "Material" is not as good as "stirring vibrations" that beat into the more than flexible wall material of your homes.

Some people's houses are all mottled with angry word-vibrations. As a soul is conscious of all the undesirable attributes with which nature endowed it and strives to overcome these wrong vibrations, to the extent of that desire which comes as a prayer can we check the unsightly stains from passing into etheric substances.

You become intensely angry, perhaps justly, and in your deep desire to control your tongue from voicing your thoughts you send a prayer, possibly unspoken but nevertheless a prayer, and that vibration of prayer reaches us and then we are enabled to divert or break into the anger vibrations and shatter their power. This also is our work.

All the more marvelous parts of God's plan for each man is made visible only as man can understand it.

Into this mass of beautiful structure building enters the radiance that comes direct from God's higher love-planes. This radiance is not unlike the sun's effect in your earth plane, only it is softer and more glowing, and not as a plain light, but as a succession of wonderful colors. We have many more colors than those evolved from your red, blue and yellow. All through these lights that suffuse the air with glory come sounds that are as marvelous as the lights—music, such as poets and musicians dream of from instruments played by those whose life-work is being extended into the realm of music they loved on earth.

All the desires of those who loved and suffered and could not accomplish the things they loved are fulfilled here.

Every day wakes at a signal, for mornings are not counted by hours. Entire worlds wait to entertain mortals who are just arrived. All the sweetest and purest and most amiable of our angelic host are engaged in this welcoming of the newcomer to our home. When a newcomer is allowed an expression, it is usually: "Is this heaven? Why, it looks just like earth!" The plane in which you all first land is very close to your plane; it is only stepping over a narrow stream. It is so close we can see you all, and the great surprise is that your eyes are holden, that they do not see us! No, we are not all happy at first. How can a man be happy when he sees his family weeping, day and night, for him?

No, we are not happy at anything of this kind! But as time passes and we are made able to adjust ourselves to conditions, we begin to gain a more extended view. In fact, many are so sad at their family's mourning that a prophet comes to them and lifts the veil of the future and soon they see how soon the mourner's tears are dried—and how little it takes to revive the widow's weeds! Pardon the joke, but it is a fact!

Women in past centuries have not mourned without an alleviating thought of the independence now theirs; no more curbing of desires for man's law. Much in the past has been bettered by knowledge. Education and civilization have marked a white cross on the sign-post of Time.

Never can a mortal reveal to you the glories that surround every instant of time and space. "The heavens disclose Thy glories," but earth is not heaven!

There are many phases of your coming here that I wish to write upon, and also to instruct you that your house that you are now building may be a temple erected unto God, adorned with jewels of thoughts sent to us, enlivened with the light of your soul's own sunshine, radiant in the sunshine of God's living promises.

Each day a little ship sets forth, bound for the heavenly shores
Laden with the thoughts you think, with love, and as the oars
Are laid upon the shining sand, and we are brought to see
We find mustered in these boats your thoughts, your deeds, and we
Who garner up these little boats, and care for each one's load
Are counting up the gems you send, and we, compelled by God
Are helping build your house above, which will eternal stay.
So we beg of every pilgrim there, think thoughts on which decay
Can never lay its finger, cold. Then never will despair
Come to mar this house of joy we're building with such care.

V

"All the Glories Thereof" can never be told. Never can any writer of modern times or old bring to earth even a minute and fleeting glimpse of the beautiful hereafter about which you can save all your adjectives of beauty and all your adverbs of praise, all your conjunctions, exclamations and your verbs of many modulations, and yet the half has never been told. And when a man's simple English comes through another's hand, when electric and etheric combine to cause that hand to obey in a perfunctory manner my brain's desires, why you can see how much more I could say could I use her voice; and how much more I could write were our brains as one.

However, you all understand this. I feel like an artist who uses his pencil with gloves on. My dear little glove is most obedient, and more expert than any others through whom I have before essayed to inscribe. With practice I feel that I shall be able to manipulate her hand much better than at present.

Much of the wonder of "The Glories Thereof" consists in the waves of color and of music blending and producing a something which you could not understand and yet about which I wish to say something. When a wave of vibrations caused by the air being moved by musical sounds comes wafted toward us, either from earth or any other planet, we are enclosed in soft, beautiful vibrations and we sway in the exquisite rhythm of its tones. When we are watching a beautiful picture, we not only *see* the coloring as the sun sinks in the golden west, as the birds begin to call and seek their nests, as the flowers begin to fold their petals rare in their beauty sleep—we also feel as fine a radiance wafted to us from these scenes, a radiance of vibration such as you make

Between the powers of sun and moon, the glory of the sky,
And in this rhythm of color scheme forever drawing nigh,
We are lost in blind enjoyment, we are sensing pure delight.
For with this sense of beauty that comes to us in sight,
Is the other sense of rhythm joining them in pure alloy,
And this mingling in etheric of sweet sounds and sense is joy.
When you ever call to flowers and seem to catch their voice,
When you ever look at sunshine and your pulses all rejoice,
When you mingle in your dreaming, all of sense and sight and
sound,

When all the minor cadences that in all the earth resound
Are gathered in one chord, then toward you comes the view
Of the Glories of Hereafter, never old but always new.
The music is the channel through which we strive to speak;
The flowers are our messengers; not always do their meek
And lowly offerings go undespised by you.
The colors of the rainbow make God's fair promise true.

The night winds' whispers coming from some far-off gleaming star
 Call to your inner answering voice, and what you really are
 Becomes a mad desire to arise and gain more light,
 To breathe in deeper breaths, to see in clearness bright,
 To feel emotions tingling every nerve; and every man
 Becomes a mental dynamo, expresses as he can
 The life that lasts forever, the love that makes our joy,
 The power of sensing all you feel and never does it cloy.
 This power of sense and feeling is all beautified by love
 And etheric substances are real. Your will can never move
 Above the realm of fancy that to us stands forth as fact.
 Your little life is often made wretched from your lack
 Of understanding either, of understanding joy,
 Of understanding poetry and music. All the coy
 And lovely maidens on earth who love and live
 Are like flowers whose emanations peace to all around can give.
 The strong and sturdy manhood, the brave, courageous man
 Rekindles valor in us all and frequently we can
 Unite our powers with his and make a man to win.
 Now that is help. In reincarnation we count it as a sin
 That any soul could want to drop its own inheritance
 And try again the game of life, to get another chance
 At physical emoluments; and as material gain
 Can never enter Heaven's doors, why go back to Earth and Pain?

And now, dropping rhyming, I want to speak of the intermingling
 of music and color in beauty. When on the earth plane I often noticed
 in my congregation many people to whom the tones of the great organ
 brought such exquisite pleasure that the tears would fall. That soul
 was aglow with divine appreciation of the divine power of music. Many
 times when traveling I have observed the same appreciation of a beau-
 tiful scene, a landscape either real or on canvas, a group of children's
 heads, the poise of a bird. I have watched tears of exquisite enjoyment

drop from eyes whose souls were drawing to themselves these vibrations of beauty. Now, here, when these two vibrations flow from above or below or around we often do not know where they originate; they come toward us in waves of golden glory; they envelop us with the most wonderful sensations of blissful joy. It seems as if every pore of the human body could not drink in pure water as every atom of body is permeated by these waves. This is not a constant condition. These waves often come at frequent intervals and again there may be quite a long period between them. But it is one of the joys of our life here. What are the reasons for its coming, you ask? We do not know. We only accept and enjoy. When the army of the Lord marched around the walls of Jericho and played upon their musical instruments, they did not know what happened, but the walls fell. It was the peculiar penetrating effect of a certain vibration. The vibrations that I speak of as penetrating Heavenly courts are like those of no other place or time or space. It simply seems to creep into your innermost core, and you are lifted into an attitude of devout prayer and worship of God. When we urge you of earth to cultivate music and art and all the avenues of beauty we are only asking you to keep alive within yourselves vibrations that can respond to those given to us by God's commands.

Yes, music has healing power, much more than your old prosaic, mud-loving earth ever dreams about. "Music is the vibration of angel songs," an ancient poet said; and "flowers are breaths of fairy folks," an old writer puts it. And lovely scenes and holy thoughts are like the Pentecostal rest; they come by prayer and the gathering together of those "who love with one accord." And to these come the fires of beautiful vibrations and beautiful thoughts, and with these two blended we are just getting a small glimpse of the Glories Thereof, which no mind of man can ever conceive.

Have no idea that only music and poetry are here. There are stern facts, great problems, wonderful plans worked out by the thinkers who act under God's will. My office to-day is not with these great wielders of the world's destiny, but simply with the beauties and glories with which even the most selfish and earth-loving are surrounded. Many here are still dead in their sin, and we let them alone, sure of their final

awakening, sure of their final arising, asking for our aid. You are never to feel that we are sitting as in orchestra chairs, listening to beauty and music. No, no! We are busy, working men. We do not carry a dinner pail, for we breathe in or inhale all our nourishment from etheric space. We do not have a union time set for us. We work at all and at any time and part of the Glory Thereof is our ability to work out the things in which Earth's conditions hampered and impeded us. The musician who could not there, CAN here. The artist whose ideal always just escaped him there, has captured it here. Oh, the joy of work and working for others' good! We have our pay, for in doing for others we are fitted for our next advancement in this wonderful school of the soul.

VI

So many weeks have passed since I wrote through you that I begin to feel like a youth returning to his native land after viewing all the wondrous, beautiful objects in foreign lands. Like the youth, all my enthusiastic remarks cannot give to you the power of understanding the glories whereof I speak.

When Eve first opened her eyes in the Paradise that was to be her home she saw only the glories thereof. She did not understand what anything really meant. How could she? The old legend of Eve in Eden is only a foreshadowing of your experiences when you, like Eve, awaken in Paradise.

Now, as in the Eden of old, there are wondrous, beautiful details, that you could not understand through power alone or through brilliancy of alleged intellect. When you first begin to understand that the glories of the Infinite are yours **ONLY** as you are *in the receptive state of attunement*, then can you begin to understand why all those who are not attuned are in a hell of contrary laws and blind misunderstandings. That is one reason we are so anxious to make God's will done on earth as it is done in Heaven—so as to eliminate this intermediate underworld of ignorant sorrow and misunderstood law.

No one can see farther than the ability of his eyes to receive

vibrations of light. No one can hear farther than the ability of his ear to receive vibrations of sound. No one can appreciate the beautiful to any greater extent than his receptivity of the vibrations that beauty sends out can register them in his innermost being.

So when you come over here you are in total ignorance of all the laws that are in existence here just as on your earth; laws that must be understood in order to be obeyed, that must be obeyed that you may hear and see and feel and receive these wonderful vibrations of beauty that are all around us.

When we first come over here we feel that everything looks about the same. Why? Because the eyes and ears and mind are only awake to the vibration of earth sights and sounds and thoughts. In this new awakening **WE ONLY SEE TO THE EXTENT THAT WE ARE DEVELOPED WHEN WE LEAVE EARTH.** This is why in our more rarefied atmosphere the recording waves make no impression on a newcomer. When that newcomer becomes more perceptive the glories are revealed of the wonderful beauties and loveliness and the great powers with which this sphere redounds. All through eternal progress our pleasure is only limited by our powers of perception. You who on earth are just beginning to open your spiritual perceptive powers to the inflow of etheric beauties, can only understand that in some way and some how the vision or hearing or impression or writing comes. But when you realize that all this is limited only by your own attitude of God-living and God-loving you will exclaim with the writer of old:

When in my feeble rays thy sun can shine,
And when in all my days thy will is made as mine,
Then comes the God of power and Glory's Son,
When thou canst truly say:
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

When the first natural beauty makes itself evident, as I described, when all the mists clear away and one sees with quickened vision, then can one begin to understand of what the true meaning of "The Glories Thereof" consists. You of earth are always so curious about our

segregation of communities or families or relatives. Do we marry and love and emulate earth in jealousy and strife. Why, if evil is there, should it not affect the beauty of the pure? All these questions are asked over and over, and I am going to extend my serial and try to answer some of these little questions that disappear at the dawning of your birthday over here like the mist that covers the Hudson, but which are like a fog through which you cannot see while you are there.

Now, first, remember as the first law, the Law of Love. There are no communities here except those governed by the law of love. When there are many who love each other and in whose common vibration the same note sounds, whose happiness is enhanced by coming together in one home or in several homes closely allied, then our community is a pleasant method of learning of each other.

When family ties are those made by love's vibrations—not those of blood—then families are united in the holy bonds of relationship.

When a man and woman who were man and wife on earth are happy in their mutual love then that tie continues. We do not call them man and wife, we call them mates. When members of a family are not bound together by any ties but those of blood or law, then the freed soul leaves the environment that galls his spirit and cripples his spiritual growth by its inharmony and like a new-fledged eagle spreads his wings and soars upward and away. Then he can enter into the harmony of the spheres and find the conditions in which he is most at peace. Oh, the torn and shattered spirits that have been fettered by law, by duty, by obligations self-imposed while on earth, whose souls have beaten themselves against the walls of their earth prison for so many weary years! Can you not realize what freedom means to them? They faithfully kept their faith with duty, and when they enter into their inheritance their joy, their exquisite bliss cannot be understood by you of earth. Only this I say: Never feel that one duty, however irksome, that you faithfully perform is not recorded in glorious letters here. Verily, the cup of cold water given in the name of the Christ-spirit of unselfish love for a needy brother is like a glowing radiance that time never dims, and these glowing, radiant rays made by you there will light your pathway here.

I told you in another chapter of our love-made homes here. The material I cannot describe for you cannot understand it. It is etheric substance. Now, ether is invisible and visible at times. It is impenetrable and yet you can move it. It is heavier than any other form of ether or what you call atmosphere, and yet it is so buoyant that all life can exist upon its upbearing surfaces. Etheric substance is one of the things you must accept by your own power of faith in our word. It is real. It does exist. It makes our homes or dwelling-places. And yet we cannot make it plain to you. In our houses are gathered those we love. We do not eat, hence we have no need for *chefs*. We absorb the etheric atmosphere just as plants absorb it through their leaf bodies. A plant really best illustrates earthly and heavenly growth. A plant has first to have its roots fed by the oxygen, hydrogen and other ingredients that are in the moisture that has percolated through the earth. The moisture extracted or dissolved these ingredients that the little roots might drink thereof and grow. So much is the illustration of earth food. Now the leaves, which are the next evidence of the higher growth of the plant, are also drawing into themselves moisture that is laden with electrons, sunshine-holding electrons, and as these leaves absorb this food you have an illustration of how we absorb our food, etheric air, charged with electrons of life-giving power. And as these electrons never die and we make them our chief *piece-de-resistance* of diet, it looks as though we would emulate the electrons and never die. Perfectly logical, you say. And I repeat, Yes, and perfectly true.

Now for our clothes. We do not have material cloth or velvet or worsted as you have it. We have the *thought* that originally made cloth or velvet or worsted, and that thought-force can construct out of this marvelous etheric a substance that is as much more beautiful than your original velvet or cloth or worsted as you can imagine. Now you do not quite grasp this.

Originally a THOUGHT made a human being shear his sheep, card the wool and weave the fabric. He did it all through pursuance of a thought. Now thought force here is just as powerful. What makes it more difficult for the originator of an earth thought to pursue a sunbeam and catch its glory than to pursue a sheep and deprive it of

its wool? To catch the evanescent coloring matter of the rose and to color this substance called etheric? From the rose comes fragrance. Why not catch the material from which fragrance radiates? You wish for velvety texture? What causes the pansy's velvet? A thought, that can also be used for your costume. When you are in tune with infinite power all can be added to you and all is in perfect accord with God's own laws that you understand and carry out in your business life on earth.

Now in my next chapter I will tell you of some of the darker sides of this heaven and why we are so anxious to spare our friends reaping in sorrow what they in ignorance have sown.

VII

All the attending angels whose especial methods are unknown to mortals can never understand the why and wherefore of the mortal's distaste for death. They think it is the beginning of real happiness and real life. So when they meet a newly arrived soul and hear it longing for earth people, it causes these angelic messengers great consternation. The reason you of earth are so uncertain of the beauties of life here is because the descriptions in psalm and song are so vague and oriental in picturing that it all passes over your heads like a fairy tale. Now, in all I am telling you I am not deviating a particle from sane, cold facts.

There are no words that can fitly describe the wonderful and beautiful lights that sift through these spaces. It is softly brilliant, colored in all shades never seen on earth, and as these lights play over the scenery all eyes are startled by the changing rays of etheric colors that make new delights every moment of their playing.

Coming to our homes, this light transfigures every object in them. There are homes here whose owners are very slothful in developing. Their powers of perception are dull; they are so covered by sinful degradation that they lie as close to earth as possible and do not attempt to rise out of their own graves dug, or, rather, builded during their stay on earth. Little, low domiciles, they are, with no God-desire thoughts sent as elevation material in their building. Emerson speaks of this in his "Progressive Pilgrim's Progress," and I repeat it, for it is true.

There are homes here that are more like gopher holes than houses. Now, we never interfere with the free-will choosing of any man. His desire for higher things will bring to him swift aid. So, when we hear you feeble ones of earth offering to assist a degraded soul by letting it enjoy your pure temple of God—your body—we shudder at your dangerous, foolish proposition, and we beg you of earth to drive every degraded sin-loving soul from your doors with a prayer to God for his messengers to assist such souls. But as for you, let them alone. They are dead in their sins, and an extra lie to you does not sit as an accusing angel on their depraved minds. We watch over these poor, deluded men, and when they honestly wish to commence an upward move, many, many hands delegated by God for just this work will lift them up. But you of earth do you treat them as house-thieves. They only desire to obtain your jewels of purity and place their own rags of evil on you.

When I write the truth of this wonderful place that lies on this plane, I must also speak of these earthbound and sinbound souls who have yet to pass the Plane of Purification.

Question: "Are they all on your beautiful plane?"

No, no, I have failed to make that clear. When a man comes over here we are able to conduct him to his house already builded by the thoughts and desires of his life on earth. We are enabled to direct him to the plane whereon his house is builded. Your mother, for example, was ready for the seventh plane when she first came here. Now she is with B. and A. on the twentieth plane and her home is there.

These earthbound souls are on the fifth and sixth planes and some are still closer to earth. We call earth the fourth plane, the first of human development. The lower order of beings occupy the planes which you do not see below earth. But as each plane is visible to those above it, we are consolidating them all under the wide-spreading tree called Heaven. So in Heaven—that much misunderstood name—all are departed souls, but, as in any domicile on earth, each has his own room. I have digressed to tell you these important facts.

Elemental beings come here in their purely elemental condition. They are never of evil, but are spirits of what you sometimes call inanimate things. The soul of a flower comes here and still blooms again as

a flower. The soul of a bird comes here and is never returned to earth as the soul of anything else. It came to that bird as God's own gift of Himself, and it stays as God's own gift of Himself throughout eternity; always as a bird, singing more sweetly, learning new carols, new tones, new perfections, but forever and forever a bird. Not even a stone is soulless. Even as God's power is limitless, so can you never conceive the elemental souls, or rather the many souls of the many elementals that are here. Not that they are contacting with man's soul in any other way than they did on earth. They are just as much a part of the glory that lies on the scenery, the mountains, the streams. Never in your blindness to God's power say: "This is a soul, and this is an inanimate." You do not know until you come here what constitutes the soul of the Universe. When all these souls are aspiring and in harmony with God's laws of love, they sing together in a musical refrain, such as the brook and the wind and the low-lapping waves make together. They sing, and we whose ears are attuned can catch the glories whereof they sing.

My voice shalt thou hear, said the God of Love.
 The voice not of man but of things that move.
 The voice of a softly-sighing breeze;
 The voice of winds playing in the trees;
 The voice of the trees in their lofty height;
 The voice of the brook, whose song with might
 Becomes a murmuring sound that floats
 To join the music of the bird's pure notes.
 The stones have voices, yes, they too
 Are alive:—and the grasses that nod at you
 Are full of music; and all they sing
 "Is "Glory to God, our Maker, our King."

So in this song which arises in sweet music there are only lacking the tones from the sinbound souls. No music in these souls! No melody floats from them. They are still sleeping, are dead in their sins. Now, you of earth can aid them by your urgent prayers that they may awake, that they may arise, may go to their Father and say: "Father, I have sinned. Cleanse thou me!" In this you can help. Let us say, the influence of the Catholic Church in preserving that truth of their worship called "Prayers for the Dead" has kept as a live-wire a connection be-

tween earth and these poor souls. Many a soul has been reached from above because of prayers from below. You are still ignorant of the value of your prayers. When the time is ripe I will write on that subject.

You have the power of making Heaven brighter,
You have the power of making our load lighter.
When you in honest prayer can ask your God
To cause a stirring in those souls whose clod
Of earth still covers like a shell the soul.
They will arise and ask their God to make them whole.
Pray ye for loved ones, and fail not to pray
For souls in ignorance who near earth yet stay.



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